



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO. 17.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1800.

WHOLE NO. 587.

VALERIA;

AN ITALIAN TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"THE time soon approached, when the courier was to return from Rome, when a wonderful accident seemed to threaten a disappointment of all our hopes.

"It was the holy week. My pious mother had educated me in these religious principles, which, thanks to heaven, I have never forgotten. I mourned in secret that I could not go to the church on those sacred days, when penitence appeases the justice of a merciful Deity. I would not mention to Octavius the necessity which my heart felt, of returning thanks in his temple to the God who had preserved me, but I determined at all events, to fulfil so sacred a duty. I availed myself of the only moment, when I accidentally found myself alone. I wrapped myself in a black veil, through which I could not possibly be discovered. On holy Thursday I left the house at nine in the evening, and hastened towards the cathedral to worship our Saviour. The church was full of people, who in profound silence, with hands clasped together, their eyes fixed upon the ground, offered their prayers to the altar on which the Host was placed. This altar alone was illuminated by an immense number of flambeaux—all the rest of the building was in profound darkness. I remained concealed behind a pillar; I addressed my prayers to the Saviour of the world, and entreated him to watch over her, who had no hopes but from his pity and almighty power.

"In rising to go away, I felt a violent desire to look at the chapel where I had been interred. It was very near, and I accordingly approached it. What did I not see!—In the alley which led to the vault, I saw and knew my father and mother on their knees at my tomb, and my husband, Heraldi, in mourning, weeping near my father, who seemed absorbed in the profoundest thought. My mother, near the railing which confined the vault, was praying with many tears. I could hardly refrain crying out: I darted involuntarily towards her, and was stopped only by the grate. My mother did not hear me; she was too absorbed. I contemplated her a long time in tears, when suddenly I saw her stoop forwards, take hold of the iron railing to support herself, and with great tenderness, bend herself almost to the ground, pronouncing the name of Valeria—at the same time she kissed the marble of my tomb. I was no longer mistress of myself!—I pressed her hand to my lips, and mourned aloud!

"By this movement, the veil which covered me was thrown aside without my perceiving it. My mother, in astonishment, raised her head, saw, and recognized her daughter. She pronounced my name aloud, and reached her arms towards me. My father and husband also saw and remembered me. My father remained motionless. Heraldi advancing, opened the iron door. I would have fled, but the crowd prevented me. Heraldi approached me; he had extended his hand to take hold on me; and I had been lost, if in this moment, love had not inspired me. "Forswear!" said I to him in a tone which I made as

terrible as I could:—"at least respect after her death, her whom you defiled in her life!—You, alone, caused my death—leave me—lament your crime—and avert the anger of heaven!"

"Having said this, Heraldi, frozen with terror, heard me without daring to stir from his place. I concealed myself beneath my veil, and, with a composed step, advanced to the door of the church. The people made way for me—I got out—fled with celerity, and gained the house of Octavius, without any person's presuming to follow me. The next day, in Florence, nothing was talked of but the apparition which had appeared in the cathedral. Nobody could doubt it—a thousand witnesses had remembered me. Many added, that having pushed away the hand of my husband, who pursued me, my five fingers had left in his clothes—five marks of fire. Others asserted, that Heraldi had destroyed me, and I came to demand justice. All accused him with a loud voice, of being the murderer of his wife. The people murmured against Heraldi, followed him with reproaches, and even threw stones at him; his life indeed, was no longer secure.

"Happily the courier returned, bringing from the holy father a brief which annulled my marriage, as being fraudently contracted. As soon as the Grand Duke received it, he sent for Orsini, and conferred with him what measures to pursue, and the very next morning I went to the palace with Octavius and his father. The Prince was exceedingly kind to us, condescended to converse with us, on our dearest interests; and when he was told that my father and mother, with Heraldi, were come in obedience to his orders, he made us enter a closet, where I thus heard him address my father:—

"It seems, sir, that strange means were taken to make your daughter marry a person whom she could not love—Your repentance is revenge enough; and the tears which I see in your eyes take from me the power of reproaching you. Death has broken this ill-fated bond: and if by a miracle, which the people believe, your daughter should be restored to life, this marriage will be null and void. This is the brief of his holiness, declaring it to be so, and I am about to make it public. Choose then, Count Heraldi, whether to resist me in a matter so disgraceful to you, or to sign a renunciation of your pretended rights, and to depart instantly for Vienna. My kindness will then follow you, and you will restore tranquility to my capital, which your presence interrupts."

"Heraldi was not long in replying: he made his renunciation in the terms dictated by the Grand Duke; when taking leave of his Imperial Highness, he that moment left Florence, promising never to return.

"But this is not all," said the Grand Duke, addressing himself to my father, "your daughter is yet alive!"—A shriek from my mother here interrupted him—"You will see her again," he continued, "but your daughter can never be happy but as the wife of young Orsini. He it was who delivered her from the tomb.—She resides in his house.—Gratitude, paternal love, and the fame of Valeria, all enjoin you to assist to their union. If my entreaty does not weaken claims so strong, I entreat of you Valeria for Octavius: he deserves

her, for he has won the esteem and friendship of Laudohn. Give your consent to this marriage. I promise you a regiment for your son-in-law; and for yourself, will secure a "riband of the order of Maria Theresa."—My father replied only with a bow. He consented to the request of the Prince; and my mother, bathed in tears, entreated to see her daughter. I could wait no longer: I hastily opened the door, threw myself into the arms of my mother, who, I thought, would have died of joy. That of my father, was equally lively. He pressed me to his bosom, entreated me to pardon his faults, and heaped caresses both on Octavius and the elder Orsini. We all fell at the feet of the Grand Duke, unable to find words to express our gratitude. My marriage was not long delayed; it was solemnized in the Grand Duke's palace. From this moment, entirely occupied with pleasing the husband I adore—the venerable Orsini who loves me as his daughter—my excellent mother—who never leaves me—I spend my days tranquilly in the sweets of friendship, gratitude, and love; and I thank heaven, that I was dead for a short time, to live ever afterwards in felicity."

THE WIDOW.

IN THE MANNER OF STURGE.

HAIL, thou fostering nurse of the wretched; the divine accents of whose tongue pour balm into the bleeding wounds of misery!—Thou, whom Poets have defined to be clad in bright ethereal robes, and with eyes whose lustre resembles the dew-drop when brightened by the ray of Phœbus! Thou, who leadest Charity to the spot where Poverty, pinched by hunger, "bides the pelt of the pitiless storm" of adversity!—To thee, O Pity! I call; and may thy soft vibrations never be wanting to infuse in my breast the emotions of Philanthropy!

"Pity the misfortunes of a poor distressed widow!" exclaimed a feeble voice to the busy crowds as they passed her: I turned round, and fixed my eyes on the suppliant, who was clothed in rags, and lay stretched on the cold pavement. Her languid head was supported on the palm of her right hand, while her left held out the remains of a hat, to receive the bounty of some generous stranger; a few grey hairs, scattered around her temples, bespoke her fast advancing towards the last stage of life; and a tear that trickled down her furrowed cheek told me, in silent though expressive language, that the journey had been a wearisome one: yet, though on her countenance was visibly portrayed the traces of heavy care, never did the pallet of the graceful Corregio give to sorrow a more resigned aspect than I traced in the features of this poor outcast of society; she was, to use the language of the Poet of nature, "Patience smiling at Grief." Of the many who passed her, few, very few, seemed to feel the impulse of pity, and deign to bestow the fostering boon of charity; and wilt thou too, Yorick (said a something in my bosom as I surveyed the miserable object before me)—wilt thou, who hast so often felt for the wants of thy fellow-creatures more than thy own, refuse now thy scanty pittance? No! a nobler sentiment than avarice now animates

my feelings. I took out my purse, and threw the little it contained into the lap of the poor widow: her eyes, as she raised them to me, seemed to beam with gratitude; but the inward tumults of her heart denied her utterance. "Never," said I, refusing my walk, "may I think the purchase dear; if, by bestowing a few pence on the unfortunate, it enables me to place a smile in their dejected features!"

ELIZA:

A FRAGMENT.

HOW sweet is the landscape before us! The distant mountains mingle with the azure, and all between is the finest penciling of nature. The verdant lawn, the rusted grove, the dusky tower, the hanging wood, the winding stream, and tumbling water-fall, compose the lovely picture before you. The air is perfumed, and gives the senses new power to enjoy the beautiful scene. Bend, Eliza, for a moment, over the crystal fountain beside you; and, in the reflection of your own form, behold the most charming picture of animated nature.

But the dark clouds gather together; the forest bends beneath the blast; the rain descends; and nature's dusky mantle o'er spreads the prospect. This scene, too, has its beauties:—this, also, has its resemblance in intellectual nature. Behold that faithful youth, clasping the marble urn of her whole memory fills his heart!—Think you the evening-vigils of his mourning love have no pleasure in them? Eliza, those fond, faithful duties are worth a world of joys, and turn his tears to rapture.

Look on that naked rock, where the forlorn shepherd searches in vain to pasture the only lamb the storm has left him. That is the cold flinty heart, petrified by insensibility, which hears not the cry, nor heeds the tears of craving innocence.

Let your eyes wander to the valley before you—rich in varied harvests—and glowing with all the splendor of cultivation. That, Eliza, is the generous mind, whose joy is the communication of good, and would not suffer, were it in its power, a craving eye or an aching heart in the world.

Turn, now, I beseech you, to the desert behind you, and behold a forlorn, solitary being wandering over it. The flints have wounded his feet; his staff scarce supports his steps; and the cutting blast pierces his tattered raiment. He sometimes throws his meek eye to the gates of heaven: and, as if he received comfort from thence, he proceeds on his way. At this moment a female form meets the traveller, turns him aside from the inhospitable path, and conducts him to a sunny hillock, where verdure springs, where the mountains murmur, and the myrtle grows. She covers him with her mantle, and washes his wounds with her tears; she opens her wallet, and, with a celestial beneficence, spreads a table for him in the desert. Am I not that mournful traveller,—and is it not Eliza, who has guided my woe-worn steps to the sunny hillock, where I now solace my weary spirits?

The following letter, written at Paris by the late Doctor Benjamin Franklin, has been communicated by the gentleman who received it.

"April 22, 1784.

"I SEND you herewith a bill for 10 louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give such a sum, I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your own country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with another opportunity, and I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and make the most of a little."

ANECDOTE.

A COUNTRY Apothecary, not a little distinguished for his impudence, with a hope of disconcerting a young Clergyman, whom he knew to be a man of singular modesty, asked him, in the hearing of a large company, "Why the Patriarchs of old lived to such an extreme age?" To which the Clergyman replied, "I suppose the ancient Patriarchs took no physic!"

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ARTHUR.

UNHAPPY ARTHUR! who shall tell
The sorrows of thy breast?
What soothing voice shall reach thy cell,
And lull thy cares to rest?

Thy youth is hid, thy virtues lost,
Thy beauteous form obscur'd,
Each soft affection, once thy boast,
In prison now immur'd.

Remembrance now comes cloath'd in grief,
And adds to ev'ry woe;
In vain thou seek'st (to gain relief)
Her influence to forego.

Each fav'rite haunt, each lovely scene,
No more has charms for thee,
Or sports upon the enamell'd green,
Or music from each tree.

Thy face shall dim the cheerful eye,
And spread a sullen gloom,
While sympathy shall waste a sigh,
And mourn thy hapless doom.

I. A.

January 10, 1800.

SONNET TO A MOP-STICK.

STRAIGHT remnant of the spiry birchen bough,
That o'er the streamlet wont perchance to quake
Thy many twinkling leaves; and, bending low,
Behold thy white rind dancing on the lake;

How doth thy present state, poor stick! awake
My pathos; for, alas! e'en stript as thou,
May be my beating breast, if e'er forsake
Philis this poor heart, and break his vow.

So musing, on I fare with many a sigh,
And meditating then, on times long past,
To thee, torn pole! I look with tearful eye,
As all beside the floor-foil'd pall thou'lt cast;
And my sad thought, while I behold thee twirl'd,
Turn on the twirlings of this troublous world.

DEBORAH.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

OH softest of passions, sweet soother of woes,
On a heart that adores thee benignantly smile;
Still let my wrung bosom enjoy thy repose,
Thou' indignant, with fortune, I struggle the while.

Thou' the time be no more which this bosom has known,
When my simple young heart had not tasted of pain;
When health and contentment and peace were my own,
And friendship still bade me awaken the strain.

Yet shall not oblivion her standard display,
But memory, still ling'ring, shall think on the past,
And pleas'd retrospect shall mark the glad day,
That gave birth to pure friendship, and tho't it would last.

Let the bosom of him whom dull apathy steals
In the moment of absence, drink Lethe's dark stream;
Let him who the finer emotions ne'er feels,
Still laugh at fair friendship, and call it a dream.

Why let it be so, 'tis a dream most divine,
And long may the vision my senses delude;
May the sleep that produc'd it forever be mine,
And the morn of indifference ne'er dare to intrude.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE.

Who died within a few hours of each other, and were buried in one grave.

TO these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage bed:
For, though the hand of Fate could force
'T'wixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder Man and Wife,
Because they liv'd as one in life.
Peace, my good reader, do not weep;—
O, peace! the lovers are asleep.
They, lovely Turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that Love could tie.
O let them rest! let them sleep on,
Till this dark, stormy, Night be gone;
Till the eternal Morning dawn;
O, then, the curtains will be drawn;
Then they will waken with that Light,
Whose Day shall never set in Night.

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

A GREAT foundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer or porter, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a Count of Pelverini, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, or being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile; and the whole family safely descended, by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he. "Now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat, and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the Count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompence." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, which has lost all."

ANTIPATHIES.

ERASMUS, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Pare mentions a gentleman who could not see an eel without fainting. Joseph Scaliger, and Peter Abono, never could drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Uladislaus, King of Poland, could not bear to see apples. If an apple was shewn to Chese, secretary to Francis the first, his nose would bleed, from exertion to restrain his displeasure. Henry the third, of France, never could sit in the room with a cat. M. de Lancre, in his "Tableau de l'Inconscience de toutes choses," gives an account of a very brave officer, who never dared to look at a mouse, unless he had his sword in his hand, it would terrify him. Some persons cannot bear to see spiders, when it is well known others eat them as luxury. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to be revered, that if any one bowed to him, he would fall down.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS's father, Charles the Tenth, whose reign was marked with cruelty, killed Banier's father. One day, when Gustavus was hunting with young Banier, he requested him to quit the chase, and ride with him into a wood. When they came to a thick part of it, the King having alighted from his horse, said to Banier, "Your father was a victim to the cruelty of mine. If you wish to revenge his death, kill me immediately; if not be my friend forever." Banier, overcome by his feelings, and astonished at his magnanimity, threw himself at his feet, and swore eternal friendship for him.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

DEAN SWIFT being once on a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an Inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning, the Dean calling for his boots, the servant took them to him uncleaned. "How is this, Tom?" said he, "my boots are not cleaned." "No, sir," said Tom, "as you were going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again." "Very well," returned the Dean, "go and get the horses ready." In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord not to let Tom have any breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready, and on being told they were, desired Tom to bring them. "I have not yet had my breakfast, sir," said Tom. "No matter for that," said the Dean, (looking at his dirty boots) "if you had, you would soon be hungry again."

MAXIM.

WE endeavor to get reputation by those faults we determine not to amend.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1800.

On Monday afternoon, as a Mr John Mitchell was rigging on board the ship Dispatch, he fell from the foretop; his head striking against a pin of the forechains, which mortally wounded him, he fell into the river, and, after struggling a short time, expired.

A gentleman, who came passenger in the ship Phoenix, from Cork, informs, that the remainder of the British troops, which the Duke of York left in Holland, arrived at Yarmouth on the 12th Nov. That the Russian troops from Holland are arrived at Guernsey: That the French Republic have declared war against Hamburg: That an extensive and very formidable expedition is fitting out at Brest, to go against Ireland—Lord Bridport is watching them off Brest with sixty sail of the line.

By an arrival from Cape Francois, we learn, that the news of General WASHINGTON's death had reached that place, and had excited universal grief. The vessels in the harbor, both American and French, even several from France, had their colors displayed half mast. The Americans fired 16 minute guns each, and every person in the town (both natives and foreigners) evinced their sorrow by wearing suitable badges of mourning.

A large English merchantman, valued at 800,000 dollars, has been lately sent into the Havanna, by a Spanish 74, and a sloop of war.

The U. S. sloop of war Baltimore, has captured a French merchantman, with 108 hds sugar.

The Pickering brig Lieut. Hillier, has captured a French privateer of 10 guns and 61 men.

A Treaty of Peace has been concluded between the United States and the kingdom of Tunis.

The latest intelligence from Europe, states, that General Massena has entirely cleared the left bank of the Rhine on the Grison side. Neither the Archduke or Suwarrow have made any attempt to resume the offensive; meanwhile the army of the Rhine, advancing with hasty strides, has carried all the posts on the Necker, and taken Stuttgart, with a great quantity of artillery and magazines. That the surrender of Rome and Civita Vecchia to the English, is said to have caused much displeasure to the Austrians. The Emperor, as King of the Romans, pretends that he alone ought to be put in possession of them. The Chouans continue to harry the western department; but their force appears too small to afford any serious uneasiness to the Republic.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, have passed an act, annulling the marriage contract between the Count DE TILLEY, and MARIA DE TILLEY, the daughter of the Hon. Mr Bingham, as being founded in fraud and collusion.

The destruction every where dealt out by the Russians, is a matter by no means surprising; for their very names are jaw-breakers. What with Admiral Tschitschakow, and General POWALOSCHWIKOWSKI, it is no wonder that their enemies, whenever they meet with such men should be struck speechless.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Hamburg to his correspondent in Baltimore, Nov. 8, 1799.

"Our fall, of the 18th October, gave you an account of the sad and distressful circumstances, under which the trade and credit of our place lamented; I thank God, things seem now to mend something, at least we have since eight days ago, no failure of any note; and having ourselves received a large quantity of bullion from England, the 45,000 dollars are now made ready for your ship; she has been coppered and shall be ready in about eight days to proceed on her voyage."

Baltimore, Jan. 17.

Arrived last evening, Schooner Polly, Capt. Burges, 25 days from Port Republican, sailed in company with the brig James, Stewart, of Philadelphia, bound to Genoa, and Schri. Jane, of and for Philadelphia—parted from them on the 20th December, at night; and on the 21st, the Jane being at a great distance to the windward, two barges came and plundered her of provisions, clothing and money, and hung the Capt. up until he was black in the face, then lowered him down, dragged him forward, and left him in that situation—they then came down and engaged the schooner Polly, but were beat off with loss. On

the 20th December spoke the brig Milford, of Baltimore, bound to and within a few hours sail of Port Republican. 22d, spoke the brig Charlotte of do bound to do

A NEW REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

[By the ship Phoenix, Capt. Bray, arrived at this port, on Wednesday, in 56 days from Cork.]

LONDON, Nov. 15.

Late last night we received Paris papers to the 9th inst. but their contents are of no importance, when compared with the two Telegraphic Dispatches which arrived by express after the papers. According to these dispatches, an extraordinary and most unexpected Revolution has taken place at Paris, evidently brought about by Buonaparte. The following is the

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH

Of the 12th of November.

"The Councils have been transferred to St. Cloud. Barras has given in his resignation. Buonaparte commands in Paris. Moreau commands the guard of the Directory. Paris is tranquil. Every one is pleased."

SECOND TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH

Received at Gravelines on the 13th inst. at 9 at night.

"Buonaparte is General of Paris. Moreau commands the guard of the Directory. The Council of Five Hundred is at St. Cloud. Barras has given in his resignation, and all is tranquil at Paris. Orders were also given to 'circulate the news.'"

November 16.

The following additional intelligence we received this morning from Deal.—We give the letter verbatim.

Deal, Nov. 15.

"There have arrived some French officers.—They are said to have brought some propositions to government.—They state that a counter-revolution has taken place, and that the Directory have fled from Paris. Buonaparte has declared for Royalty, and has taken the command of the Royalists."

Such is the intelligence.—Has Buonaparte, who achieved so much against the monarchs of Europe, proved himself at last the greatest friend of the Coalition, and done that in a day which Europe has vainly attempted for years? Is he ambitious of becoming a second Monk? But it is absurd to argue upon a slight foundation. That the Revolution is a Royalist one we disbelieve entirely. [Courier.

A Cabinet Council, at which all the Ministers assisted, was held this day at noon, at Lord Grenville's office. It was supposed to be upon the important news from France. The Council remained sitting when this paper went to press.

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TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At an entertainment given at Amsterdam a few years since, the portrait of our beloved WASHINGTON was exhibited as the chief decoration of the room.—When his health was drank, a Batavian rising up, in his native language made the following apostrophe; which an American gentleman present, requested might be translated.—That gentleman has handed us a copy which we here present.—"See here a true likeness of a great and gallant hero, Approach with due respect, oh! human friend, and read in this Republican a Cato in council; a Caesar in the field; a second Solon in his country's cause; a Hercules in the political tempest; a compliant farmer when olive branches blossom; the scourge and admiration of proud Albion—a Hero who fought tremendous; but who knew by his care to prevent the spilling of human blood—Columbia's Bulwark, an unclouded Sun; a Mars, who by his knowledge and courage, liberated a fourth part of the Globe—the best Friend to Virtue, the GREAT WASHINGTON!"

Gen. THOMAS MITCHELL, late Governor of Pennsylvania, died at Lancaster, on Monday morning last, in the 59th year of his age, after a few days illness. In the death of this gentleman, our country has sustained the loss of an active and zealous Patriot, who had devoted much of his life to the public service.

Departed this life, on Wednesday the 1st inst. at Baltimore, Mr ABRAHAM SITLER, an old and respectable inhabitant of that city. After attending the funeral honors of his beloved WASHINGTON, he laid down on his bed fatigued, and in a few minutes expired without a groan.

COURT of HYMEN.

CHASTE Love alone, should warm each manly Breast,
And Marriage be no more an impious Jest
Marriage! wife Heaven's appointed Law to bind
To just Restraints th' ungovern'd human Kind:
From thee, Relation, all the sacred Names,
Of Husband, Parent, Son, derive their Claims;
Pure Instinct! gift of Nature's purer Lord,
To Man's due Reverence be thy Rights restor'd!
Wide may thy gentle Rule its Empire raise,
And from these Pairs acquire distinguish'd Praise;
And if wife Providence the Wish approves,
May a fair Offspring crown their spotless Loves.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening, the 12th inst. at Huntington, (L. I.) by the Rev Mr Schenck, Mr MOSES ROLPH, to Mrs. DEBORAH ROGERS, both of that place.

On Tuesday evening, the 14th inst. by the Rev Mr Miller, Mr NATHANIEL BLOODGOOD, to Miss HARRIET SEYMOUR, daughter of the late Mr Horace Seymour, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev Mr O'Brien, Mr CHRISTOPHER HUGHES, Grocer, to Miss MARIA PARKER, both of this city.

Same evening at Mulqueto-Cove, by the Rev Mr Coles, Mr JOSEPH COOK, of this city, to Miss MARY THORNE, of that place.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev Dr Kunzie, Mr J. C. DINNIES, Merchant, to Miss GRACE M'READY, both of this city.

THEATRE.

THIS EVENING will be Presented, the Comedy, of

A Cure for the Heart-Ach.

To which will be Added, the FARCE of,

The Lock and Key.

*. The Doors will be opened at a quarter past Five—and the Curtain drawn up precisely at a quarter past Six.

Places for the Boxes, and Tickets as usual.

Vivat Republica.

WANTED,

A Journeyman Cabinet Maker, and an Apprentice to the Cabinet Making Business.—Enquire at no. 50 Beckman Street. January 25. 87 if

LOST,

IN the evening of the 6th inst. between Beckman Slip and Harman-Street, a packet of papers, with Twenty Dollars. Whoever has found them, shall be entitled to Five Dollars, by leaving them at No. 27 Harman-Street.

Among other papers a school Article, drawn between P. Paddock and the subscriber. RUFUS I. DRAKE.

10,000 DOLLARS.

Tickets in the State Road Lottery, no. 2,

for sale by John Harrison, no. 3 Peck-slip.

ALMANACKS,

By the groce, dozen, or single.

ALSO,
A general assortment of
BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

THE subscribers, through the medium of the Museum, beg leave to inform their friends in particular, and the public in general, that they have opened a SINGING SCHOOL at Mr Dominick's room, opposite the New Watch House, Chatham-Street, on Monday and Thursday evenings, from this date until the first of May, where every attention will be paid to those Gentlemen and Ladies who are desirous of acquainting themselves with the art of PSALMODY, which is a very necessary accomplishment for either sex. The best and most fashionable tunes will be introduced, the notes pricked off for each part who are not in possession of the books which contain them. Terms of tuition two dollars till May. 85 if

January 9. 1800.

PADDOCK and DRAKE.



COURT of APOLLO.

THE ENGLISH JUSTICE.

A Pot-belly'd Justice, who thought a good feast
The best thing this world could afford,
Commanded his cook, for that day's repast,
A Surgeon to lend to his board.

Three parts of the fifth he dispatch'd with such speed
That one scarcely can credit the tale;
And had not a sickness prevented the deed,
This Jonas had eat up the whale.

The Doctor arrives--and, with countenance sad,
Assures him his assistance is vain;
And to tell him the truth, "his complaint was so bad,
He would ne'er eat a Surgeon again."

"If 'tis so," quoth the Justice, "what signifies care?
"And now I have only one wish:
"That as you're convinc'd I have no time to spare,
"You will lend me the rest of my fish."



FINE FEELING.

AS frisky Sall Dab, with her basket of fish,
Prepar'd for the buyer of eels a good dish,
Saw Flog-em, the carman, was cruelly whipping
A generous steed which the knave had caught tripping;
Quoth Sall (her fine feeling unable to smother,)--
With a knife in one hand and an eel in the other,
You hard hearted rascal, leave off your d--d whipping,
Or I'll fetch you a dab that shall soon let you slapping;
If you do not know how, I will teach you to feel!
Then she strips off the skin of a poor dying eel!
Thus to our own feelings be blind are our eyes,
We oft are the thing we affect to despise.



ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote used to be related by General Oglethorpe: An industrious missionary had taken great pains to impart a knowledge of the Christian religion to an American savage, and exulted in the probable hope of success; he persuaded himself that the assent of this untutored child of nature was the effect of rational conviction, and thought it his duty to confirm the good work by administering the sacrament.

After receiving it, the good father, in the honest triumph of his heart, asked the proselyte if he did not receive a mental comfort, an inward refreshment from the holy cup? "Yes," said the poor fellow innocently, "It was very good, but I like rum better."

This day is published, by H. CARLTON, in one octavo vol. price 1 dol. and 50 cents, and for sale at his Circulating Library and Book Store, no. 152 Broadway.

Beauties of the Studies of Nature,

Selected from the works of Abbe de Saint Pierre.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain;
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like, together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world harmoniously confused;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree. POPE.

The present edition of the above work, is somewhat altered from the London, which it is reprinted from. The alteration consists chiefly in the motto adapted to the title page, by an American gentleman belonging to this city, and the change of the tale of Paul and Mary, for St. Pierre's Arcadia; or the Travels of Amalia.

In presenting this volume to the American public, we have flattered ourselves with a hope that it will help to spread abroad the writings of an amiable and interesting philosopher, in which are concentrated, we believe, the principles of all knowledge, all consolation and all happiness.

DANCING.

Mr. DUPONT, respectfully informs the Young Gentlemen of this city, that he has opened his Evening School, at Lovett's (formerly Hunter's) Hotel, Broadway, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 3 o'clock P. M. till 9. The terms will be made known by applying at the Hotel.

GEORGE G. BUFFET,

No. 76 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK,

OFFERS the Ladies, Gentlemen, and Public at large, the following articles for sale very low for cash:

HAIR POWDER.

Best scented Marchalle,
do. Violet,
do. Bergamot,
do. Plain,

BROWN POWDER.

Marchalle,
Dutchelo,
Bergamot,
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Violet do.

POWDER.

Marchalle,
Dutchelo,
Vanille,
Elliotthope,
Millefleurs,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Bears Grease.

SCENTS.

Musk,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Thistle,
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Bergamot,
Arquebuse, for swellings,
bruises, contusions, cuts,
scars, &c.

Orange flower,
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The genuine Balsam of Life,
which will expel all pains
of the head and Stomach.

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Best Naples,
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Plate Powder.

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Combs of all kinds,

Comb Brushes,

Tooth Brushes,

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Opiat do.

Writing paper,

Wax, Waters,

ink-powder, Quills,

Blacking balls

Topce Iron,

Shaving boxes and brushes

A variety of other articles

SALE BY MORTGAGE.

WHEREAS William Tyier, of the city of New-York, Mariner, by an assignment or instrument of writing, bearing date the seventh day of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, did assign, transfer, and let over unto David Harrison, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of ground and house, thereon standing, situate, lying, and being in the fifth ward of the city of New-York, for the residue of the term of twenty-one years, which commenced the seventeenth day of January, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight; which house and lot was then in the actual possession of the said William Tyier. To have and to hold the same, with the appurtenances, unto the said David Harrison, his executors, administrators, and assigns, from the date of the said assignment, for, and during all the rest, residue, and remainder of the said term of twenty-one years, provided that if the said William should pay to the said David, three hundred and fifty dollars, according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation, bearing even date with the said assignment, then the said assignment, or transfer, to be void. But if default should happen to be made in the said payment, then the said David was declared to have full power to sell, and dispose of the said house and lot of ground, situate, lying, and being, at public auction. And whereas default hath been made in the payment of the said money, according to the said condition. Now therefore, notice is hereby given to all persons that the said assigned premises, and all rights, title and interest of the said William, will be sold at public auction, at the premises, on Monday, the fifth day of May next, at twelve o'clock at noon of the same day, for the purpose of satisfying the principal and interest due on the same bond or obligation. Dated this 1st day of November, 1799.

75---6m DAVID HARRISON

Just Published and for sale, by John Tieson,

no. 358 Pearl-Street,

A MIRROR FOR THE FEMALE SEX;

Historical Beauties for Young Ladies,

Intended to lead the Female Mind to the love and practice of Moral Goodness.---Price 75 cents. Also,

THE TWO COUSINS.

A Moral Story, for the use of young persons, in which is exemplified the necessity of Moderation and Justice to the attainment of Happiness---by the author of the Blind Child.---Price 30 cents.

SALE BY MORTGAGE.

WHEREAS William Beglow of the city of New-York, in the State of New-York, gentleman, and Catherine his wife, in order to secure the payment of four hundred and sixty pounds, with lawful interest, unto Samuel Akerly, of the said city, Ship Wright, on or before the sixteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight, according to the condition of one certain Bond or Obligation, bearing date with the Indenture of Mortgage hereafter mentioned. And also, for and in consideration of the sum of five shillings to them in hand paid, by the said Samuel Akerly, and by Indenture of mortgage, bearing date the 16th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1797; grant, bargain, alien, release, convey, and confirm unto the said Samuel Akerly, and to his heirs and assigns for ever, all those three certain lots of ground, situate lying and being in the seventh ward of the city of New-York, being part of the farm late belonging to Hendrick Rutgers, deceased, and known and distinguished in a certain map or chart thereof made, by lots number two hundred and twenty nine, two hundred and thirty, and two hundred and thirty one: Bounded south-erly in front by Henry-street, northerly in the rear by lots number ninety eight, ninety nine, and one one hundred, belonging to the said parties of the first part; easterly by lot number two hundred and thirty two, also belonging to the said parties of the first part; and westerly by lots number two hundred and twenty five, two hundred and twenty six, two hundred and twenty seven, & two hundred & twenty eight, belonging to the said parties of the first part. Each of the said hereby granted lots of ground containing in breadth in front and rear each twenty five feet, and in length on each side one hundred and eight feet. And whereas the said indenture of mortgage contains a power in the words following, to wit: "And if default shall happen to be made in the payment of the said sum of four hundred and sixty pounds, with interest as aforesaid, or any part thereof, on the day of payment above limited, that then and at all times thereafter it shall and may be lawful for the said Samuel Akerly, his executors, administrators or assigns, and the are hereby fully authorized and empowered to sell and dispose of the said hereby granted three lots of ground and premises above-mentioned, with the appurtenances, at public auction, to the highest bidder, pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, and in due form of law to sign, seal, execute and deliver good and sufficient deeds of conveyance for the same premises to the purchaser or purchasers thereof, his, her, or their heirs and assigns for ever. And out of the monies arising by or from the sale thereof, to retain and keep the said sum of four hundred and sixty pounds, and the interest thereof, or so much thereof as may be then due and unpaid, together with all costs, charges and expenses occasioned by such default, rendering the overplus money (if any there be) unto the said William Beglow, his executors, administrators, or assigns. Which sale so to be made by virtue of these presents, is hereby ratified and confirmed, and shall, and is hereby declared to be, at all times forever thereafter a firm and sufficient bar and preclusion to the equity of redemption of the said hereby granted premises, and to any claim or pretension that may be made thereto by them or either of them, the said parties of the first part, their heirs or assigns, or any other person or persons whomsoever, lawfully claiming or to claim by, from, or under them, or any of them. And whereas default hath been made in the payment of the said four hundred and sixty pounds, and the interest thereof, according to the condition of the said bond or obligation, which yet remains due and unpaid. Therefore notice is hereby given to all to whom it may concern, that pursuant to the power contained in the said indenture of mortgage and according to the directions of the act in such case made and provided, the said mortgaged premises will be sold at public auction at the Towns Collection-house, in the city of New-York, on the fifth day of May next, ensuing the date hereof, at twelve o'clock at noon of the same day, for the purpose of satisfying the principal and interest due, and to become due on the said bond or obligation. Dated New-York, 1st November, 1799.

PRISCILLA AKERLY, Executrix of the last Will
JACAMIAN AKERLY, and Testament of
THOMAS DRAKE, & Samuel Akerly.
ARCHIBALD KERLY, Executors deceased.

T. WORTMAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Notary Public,
HAS removed his Office to No. 87 Maiden Lane, formerly occupied by John F. Roobach, Esq. deceased. The business of the late Mr. Roobach, will be continued at the same place.

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JOHN HARRISON,
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